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THE METROPOLITAN MOTHER GOOSE

This Book
belongs to

The Metropolitan MOTHER GOOSE

by

Elizabeth C. Watson

Illustrated by

Emma Clark

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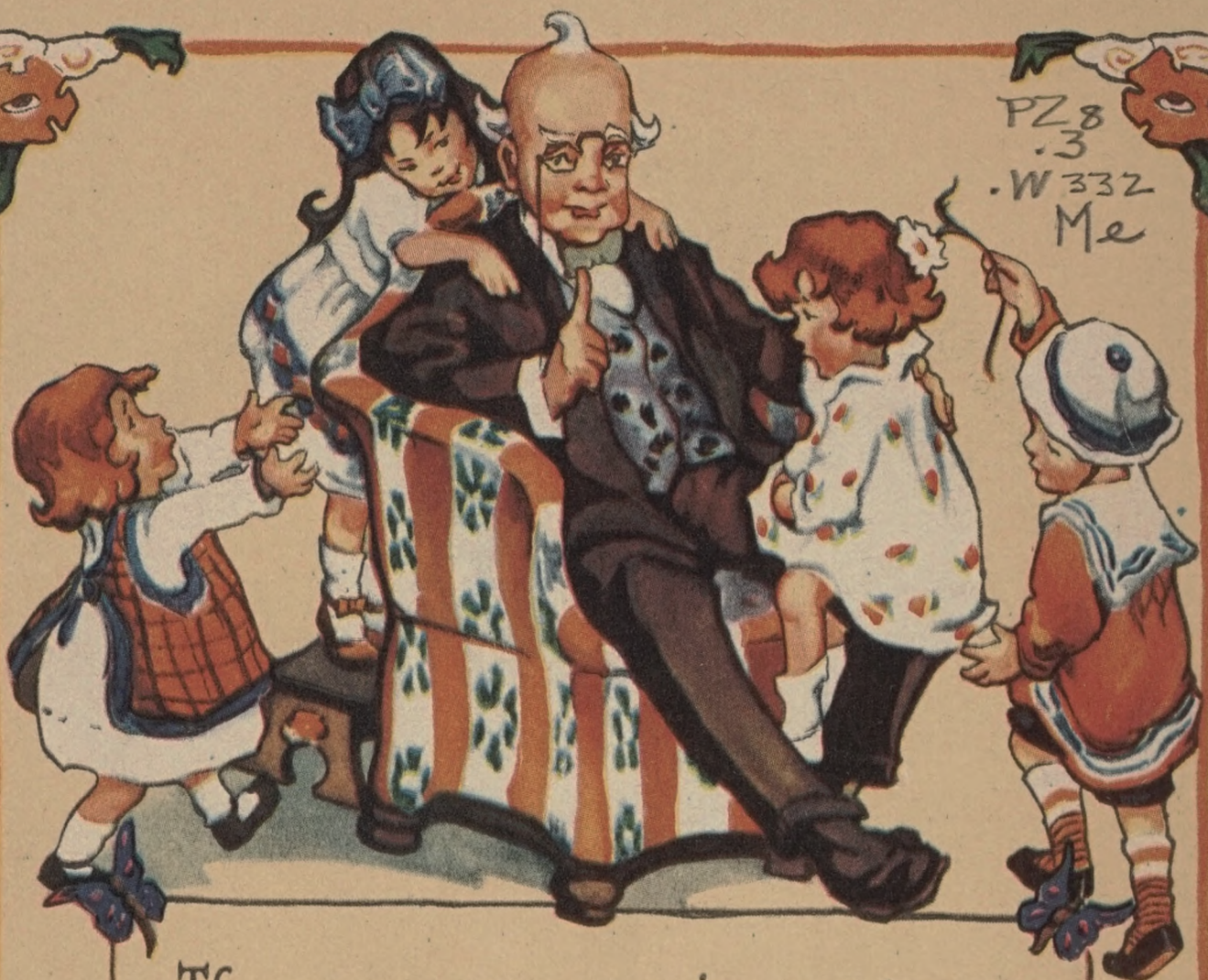

There was a man in our town
He was a Doctor wise
Who wanted folks to keep quite well
And so he did advise
Fresh air, good food, and lots of sleep
With merry times each day,
And all the folks who followed him
Were happy, well and gay

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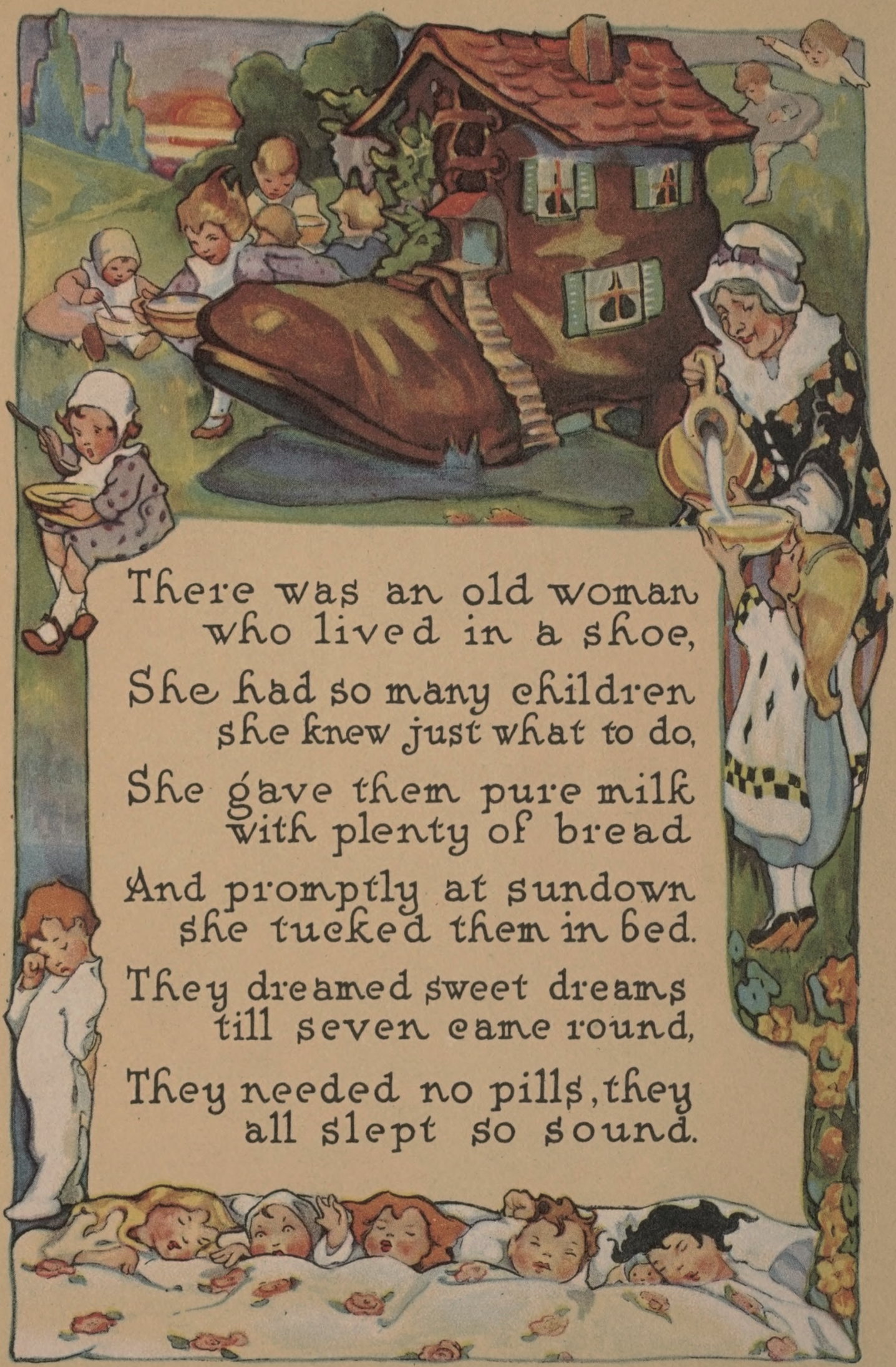


There was an old woman
who lived in a shoe,

She had so many children
she knew just what to do,

She gave them pure milk
with plenty of bread

And promptly at sundown
she tucked them in bed.

They dreamed sweet dreams
till seven came round,

They needed no pills, they
all slept so sound.

This is the way we take a bath,
Take a bath, take a bath,
This is the way we take a bath
Early every morning

This is the way we
wash the tub,
Wash the tub, wash the tub,
This is the way we wash
the tub
Early every morning

This is the way we clean our teeth,
Clean our teeth, clean our teeth,
This is the way we clean our teeth,
Early every morning.

This is the way we brush our hair,
Brush our hair, brush our hair
This is the way we brush
our hair
Early every morning

This is the way we eat oatmeal,
Eat oatmeal, eat oatmeal,
This is the way we eat oatmeal
Early every morning

Girls and boys come out to play
The sun shines bright this
lovely day,
Finish your breakfast of
good things to eat,
And join your playmates
down on the street
Come with a hoop and come
with a ball,
Come with a kite and come
with a doll,
Come with laughter merry and gay
To play out of doors this
livelong day

There was a little girl
and she had a little curl
Right in the middle of
her forehead;
When she chewed her food
she felt very, very good,
When she swallowed it
whole she felt horrid.

Old Mother Hubbard
Went to her cupboard
To get her children
some food,
No flies were there,
It was dusted with care
And all things were
wholesome and good.

Patties clean, Patties clean, my little man,
Rub them and scrub them as fast as you can
Soap them and soak them and
dry them quite well,
For hark you can hear the
old dinner bell.

Hickery, Dickery, Dock,
Tis lunch-time by the clock,
We must be done,
When it strikes one,
Hickery, Dickery, Dock.

Jack Sprat was strong and fat,
For he drank milk and cream,
Ate vegetables and lots of bread,
And left his plate quite clean.

Twenty-four white horses upon a red hill,
Now we scrub,
Now we rub,
Now we clean with a will.

How many days has my child to play,
Saturday, Sunday, Monday,
Out of doors in the air each day,
Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday,
Saturday, Sunday, Monday?

Higgledy, piggledy, my black hen,
She lays fresh eggs for little men.
Little men eat every day
Some of the eggs
my hen doth lay.

I saw a ship a-sailing,
A-sailing on the sea,
And oh, but it was laden
With children good to see,
Strong arms that held the sails tight,
Red cheeks that laughed at cold
And every child upon it,
Was worth his weight
in gold.

Baa, Baa, Black Sheep,
Have you any wool?
Yes, sir, Yes, sir,
Three bags full.
Wool clothes are best for
grown up men,
And best for baby too,
They're light and warm
for mother dear,
And soft and snug for you.
FATHER
MOTHER
JOHNNIE
BABY

Shoe the horse, and
Shoe the mare,
But shoe the growing
feet with care

Cobbler, cobbler, make my shoe,
Make it strong and roomy too,
Stitch it through and
stitch it round,
No better shoe could
there be found

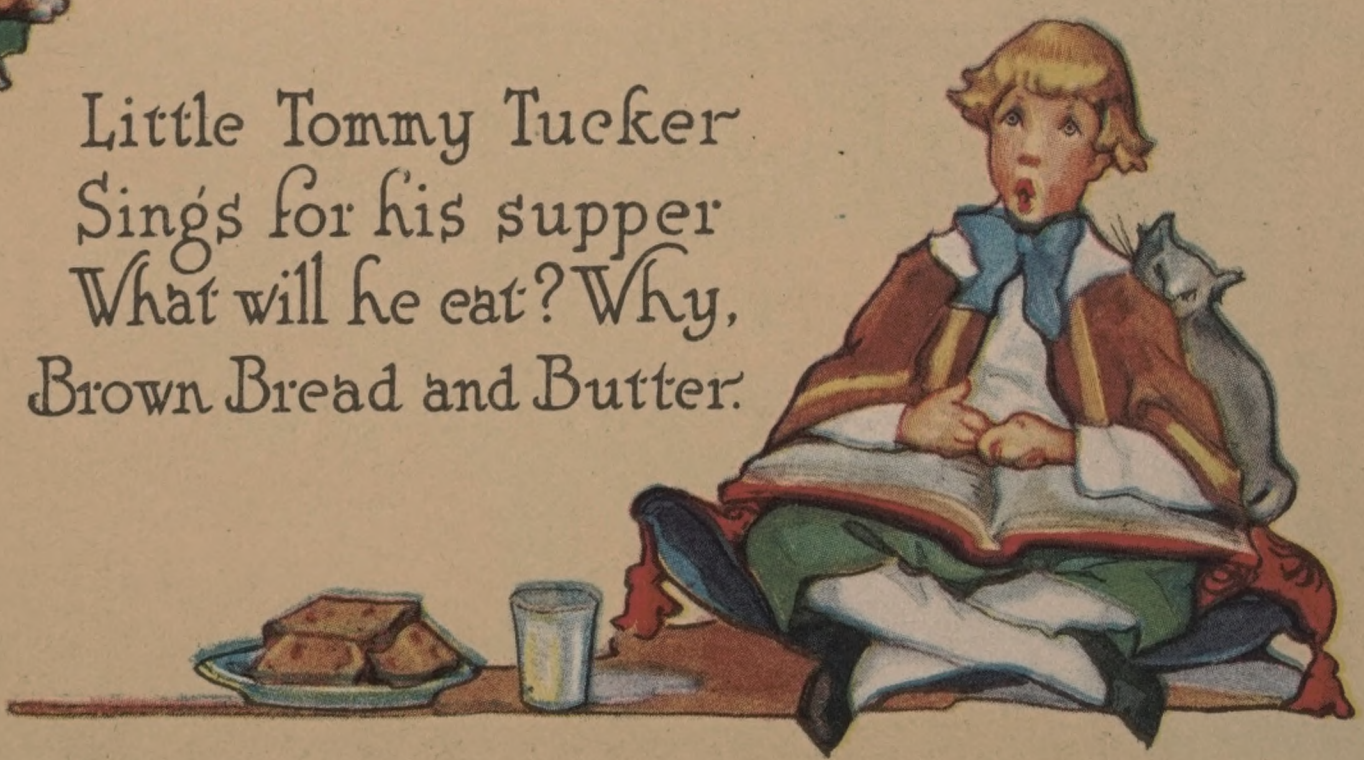
Jack and Jill went up the hill
To get some good pure water;
They brought it down into the town,
And all did drink thereafter.

There was an old woman
And what do you think?
She lived all her life
upon victuals and drink.
Good victuals and drink
Kept her healthy and strong,
And so this old woman
Lived happy and long.

Mary! Mary! My pretty Mary,
What makes your red cheeks glow?
With rest each day, and outdoor play,
And early to bed I go.

A diller, A dollar,
The very bright scholar
Is one who comes each day,
And when school is out
With a merry shout
Runs off to out-door play.

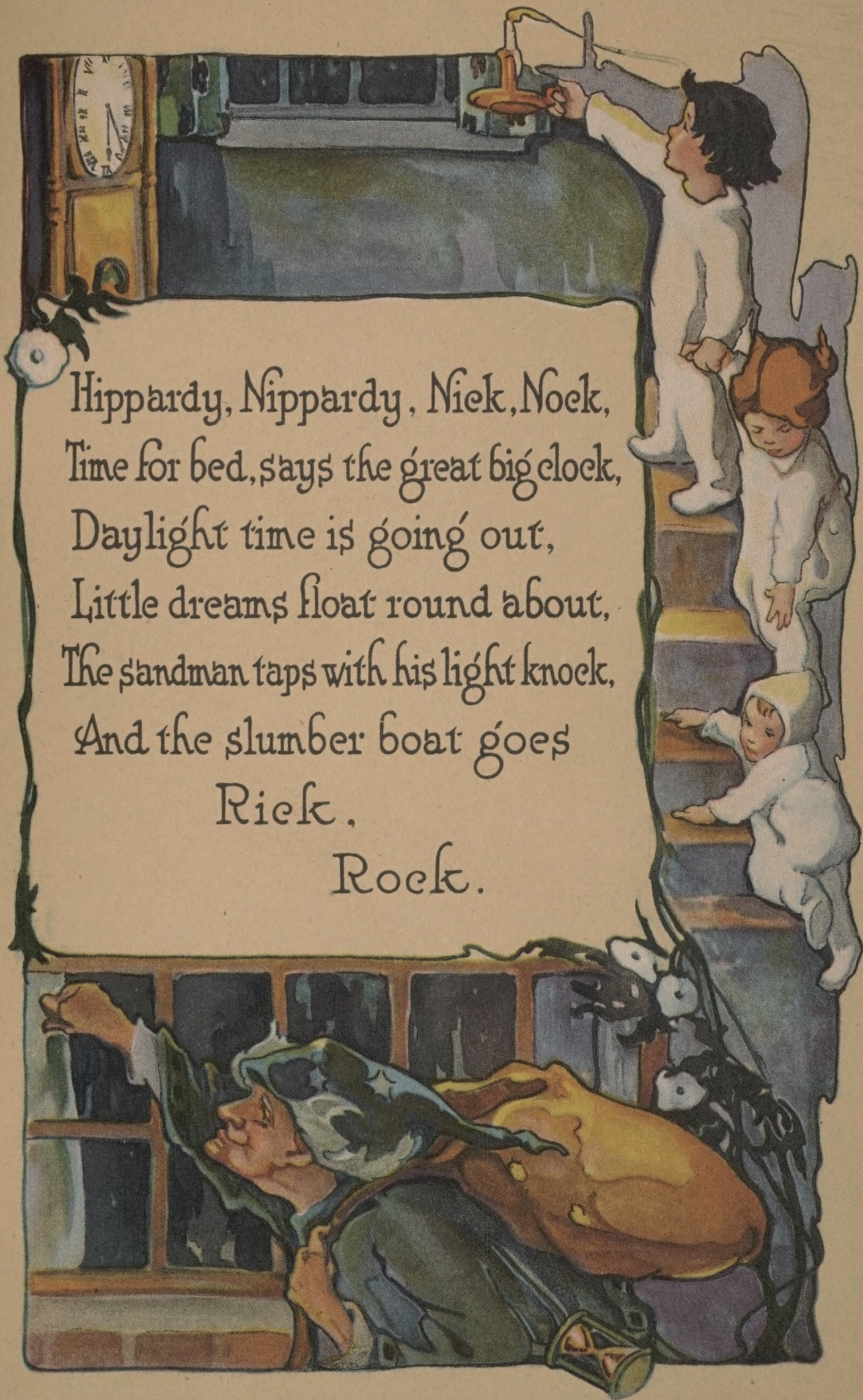
Little Tommy Tucker
Sings for his supper
What will he eat? Why,
Brown Bread and Butter.



Rub a dub, dub,
They're each in a tub,
There's Mary and Harry
And wee baby Carrie.

Wee Willie Winkie
Wanders through the town,
Wee Willie Winkie,
In his night-gown,

Tapping on the window,
Calling through the lock,
Children, Children, go to bed!
My watch says eight o'clock.


Hippardy, Nippardy, Nick, Nock,
Time for bed, says the great big clock,
Daylight time is going out,
Little dreams float round about,
The sandman taps with his light knock,
And the slumber boat goes
Rick,
Rock.

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